

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "Kublai Khan"

(feat. Goretex, Tragedy Khadafi)

*[Vinnie Paz:]*

God hates me, never keep my banger on safety  
My mother raised me alone, you can't break me  
My heart's pumping the blood of Royce Gracie  
My thoughts dumping the slug and point straightly  
You rhyme fakely, you still scarred  
I'm studying deep thoughts like Bill Maher  
I'm real raw, we just dumbing it out  
And y'all ain't saying nothing with a gun in yo mouth  
That's what I'm about, but Vinnie Paz go deeper  
Y'all still under the spell of dose ether  
The Grim Reaper, it's all nature  
And every word from Allah is on paper  
We all hate ya, we can't stand you  
Chapter 8: Verse 3, Book of Daniel  
You like a candle, you just burn  
You never worship Allah, you can't learn

*[Stoupe:]*

I melt mics 'til the soundwave's over  
America's Cream Team, redeemed  
Brainwashed kid  
All y'all crab bitches ain't gotta worry

*[Goretex:]*

Chemical spaceships, see dust splits, hit from The Matrix  
Pig Destroyer, Anarchist kiss, splatter your patriots  
Make coke stops, injecting my pockets with Botox  
Latex bitches be choking on cock like Blow-Pops  
My flow's hot, my Glock's like a popular friend  
Sniffing Oxycontin, we rock till the popular says  
Mercyful Fate, we at the gates, I hurt you for cake  
This Red Planet's like a Shit Magnet, encounters with Jake  
Digital cuffs, running from the D's and the fuzz  
Gut you out, rock a gas mask, bleeding and stuff  
Into the void like Blue Velvet, goons and clerics  
New synthetic designer jewels for moods in deserts  
In Heaven and Earth, barcodes to measure my girth  
That's like the J.D.L. joining the Zulu Nation for turf  
Birth of the solar, we did so, write for the cobra  
Goretex, freedom, and we all stand with iced-out clothes

*[Stoupe:]*

I melt mics 'til the soundwave's over  
America's Cream Team, redeemed  
Brainwashed kid  
All y'all crab bitches ain't gotta worry

*[Tragedy Khadafi:]*

Now what it be's like, niggas wanna stay tight, I stay right  
Face fight, get your wig split, shit, then I spit  
Most Accurate, Lex right in back of it  
Range on the side of it, yo I'm trying to get a lot of it

I rock that exotic shit, spit the hottest shit  
Blow trial, might get the same time Gigante get  
Death before dishonor shit, gangster persona shit  
Jedi Mind, two-five is who I polly with  
When I'm trying to score the third, it's who I holler with  
Yo hood, its my project, exchange objects  
Yo guns for my TECs, yo range for my Lex  
From Q.B. to Philly, we control set  
I stay splurging, heads stay wrapped in Turbans  
Tighter than a virgin or Ford Excursion, nigga  
So how you figure that we don't be repping?  
Wholesale drugs and weapons in the Dodge Intrepid, nigga

*[Goretex:]*

Yo Stoupe, what up baby, what's good?

*[Tragedy Khadafi:]*

Jedi Mind, the gracious, two-five collabo  
Aura check, global, gangster global